True Horror Stories:
(Horror Stories to Tell in the Dark)

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The Spell

This happened to my cousin, Anna. She was only 13 when this happened to her.

When Anna was in the 7th grade, her class received a new student, all the way from Mississippi. Her name was Sara, and she was what the boys were drooling over. She was a very beautiful girl and she sang just like an angel. Soon, her and Anna became best friends.

A few months later, a foreign exchange student came to her class, and her name was Clarisa. Clarisa was from South Africa. Her dad was white and her mother was African. Anyways, she couldn't speak English very well, but she was nice. She was also pretty, and all the boys pushed Sara out of the picture, and they drooled over Clarisa. Anna, who was nice, was the only one who befriended Clarisa, because the other girls were jealous, and the boys were too shy. Sara, was also jealous and accused Clarisa of stealing her best friend.

One day, Anna was eating alone in the cafeteria.When she was done, she went back to her classroom. When she walked inside, all the girls of the class were beating Clarisa up. Clarisa screamed and screamed and Anna called the teacher.

Months later, Clarisa started ignoring everyone, even Anna. Then, one night, during a school dance, the whole school was there, except Clarisa. Well Anna was dancing when, all of a sudden, Clarisa came through the gym doors. She was all scared, and her hair was all frizzy. She didn't look happy anymore. She pulled out a little bag, and sprinkled some dust from it, on everyone. Well everyone, except Anna and another girl named Ginny. Clarisa said something strange and left.

Everyone laughed, and continued laughing. Two weeks later, some of the students stopped coming to school, and, a few went missing. Anna knew it all had to do withClarisa. After school, Anna went home. Sara called her and asked if she could go visit her, as she was very sick. Anna went to Sara's house, and screamed when she saw Sara. Sara had almost no legs, and fingers, and no face. She was all bones and Anna left. The next day, she received news that Sara passed away during the night.

Then, one by one, everyone from her class died. Anna and Ginny were the only ones who survived out of their class. Clarisa, came back to school, and boy, was she happy. The only strange thing was, her voice was now beautiful, just like Sara's.

This story, is based on an African Vodoo Spell. When it is used, the African gets something in return. It was used historically to get the travelers out of Africa, and it can only be used once. Just like Clarisa, she got Sara's beautiful singing voice. And the rest of the class were exterminated.

Why Did This Happen?

This happened when I was 16, me and this girl named Carmen were new best friends. She was really pretty, and nice! She was emo/punk, and had her own band and everything. Her family was rich and they lived in a huge house and everything, I'll admit I envied her alot at this age! Once I even wished I had been born into HER family, but soon I decided, that was something I had not wanted EVER.

We were at her house, and I was spending the night. Because Carmen was traditional we watched a scary movie, ordered pizza, and did all the usual girly sleepover stuff (Although she is far from girly).

We had finally fallen asleep, or we were partially asleep. Well, I was finally in that state of complete comfort, and happiness. I was enjoying that state until a ear piercing screech made me jump, as well as Carmen. By this time I was in a bad mood because I was really comfortable!

Carmen and I ran upstairs, to check on her little sister. Her little sister was 7, and was pretty brave because it was a huge house and she slept upstairs all alone. When we opened her door, she was sleeping, perfectly serene, something I wish I could have been at that time..

So we went downstairs, and this time, we heard the shriek again. We continued to get up until we ignored it and slept. Her sister was fine in the morning, so we went on a chatroom, because I wanted to talk to some of my friends and ask if they knew about a murder somewhere nearby or something.

They were clueless.

Well, suddenly a name popped up and privately IM'd us. It said, "Why didn't you help me?" We asked,

"What?" It replied, "Why didn't you help me? I was screaming, but you never helped me! Hopefully someone helps you..." Then it logged off.

As soon as that happened I went home, and that night I heard more screeching, but it was farther away. Well, that morning Carmen called me and said her sister was found dead in their attic. She was hysterical and told me that she found a note on her sisters body that said, "Why didn't you help her?"Carmen and her family moved a week after that incident, I haven't seen her since. All I know, is I am glad I left early, and even though I miss her, I am glad Carmen left.

The Jars In the Refrigerator

Babysitting's the way I make money to buy stuff. Clothes, make-up, and books – I love to read horror. Especially true crime and what makes those killers tick. It's fascinating that they would think or do such things.

However, recently I was called to babysit at the Nelson's. They were new to me, two boys and a girl, a comfortable house, somewhat old but clean. Mr. Nelson told me to make myself at home, watch what I want on TV after the kids go to bed, help myself to anything in the fridge, just don't touch the jar in the back of the fridge.

My curiosity found myself peeking into the fridge right after I got the kids settled in front of the TV for a cartoon. There was a big jar on the bottom shelf, way in back, like one of those huge pickle jars. It was wrapped in what looked like plain brown butcher paper, with a rubber band sealing the rim. I shut the fridge. Creepy. What on earth could be in there?

Due to my personal crime library my imagination wanted to go wild – but I told myself it's probably just one of the kid's biology experiments from school.

I crashed on a recliner and watched cartoons with the kids until their bedtime. They went to bed really easy, without a fight. After the tuck in and story I felt like having one of those free snacks. My mind wandered back to the weird jars.

I was trying to remember what he said, did he say don't eat what's in the jar or don't touch it?I remembered clearly that he said don't touch it. Which of course made me want to take the thing out and peel the brown wrapper back a little bit…so I checked the stairs, made sure none of the kids were coming down, then I went into the fridge and moved the milk out of the way, and

got down on my knees so I wouldn't have to move the jar at all, just peek a little…

I pulled down a bit of the brown paper without ripping it and saw a red area and a white area, like maybe meat and the bone? I was about to put the paper back gently and heard a noise behind me. I banged my head on the shelf above because it freaked me out so bad.

I hoped it wasn't the parents back already…. I turned around it was the cat. I started getting this weird creepy feeling though, and put the paper back the way it was on the jar, and hoped the parents got back soon.

The next Friday night they asked me to babysit and I found myself saying yes, even though the memory of that jar creeped me out, I told myself it was nothing and I needed the money. This time I was to arrive later, the kids were all lined up in their pajamas ready to go to bed, so all I had to do was sit and watch TV while they slept.

I said goodnight to them and their mom tucked them in before she left, so I just stayed downstairs and watched TV. During a commercial I went for a snack and couldn't help but notice there were now two large jars in the back of the fridge covered in paper. I was trying not to let my imagination get away with me when the news came on and there was a breaking story about a teenage girl who had gone missing last Friday, and she was finally found hacked to bits in an alley dumpster.

I'm thinking, Oh my freaking God! Now I was convinced I had to see what was in those jars and maybe even call the police…so I get up and go take a look. I make a mistake of not turning on the kitchen light, so the large room is incredibly creepy I realize with just the light of the fridge showing some of the floor and the walls – I am thinking to myself someone could be standing in the corner and I wouldn't be able to see him.

I shudder and look into the fridge, partly with terrible fright and partly with morbid curiosity about what could be in the jars. Partly thinking I am overreacting and partly thinking I need to do this…

I reach in and rip off the front paper on one of the jars and all I can see is a long white hunk of meat like the skin of a person and that same red I saw before, surrounding a white circle on the end. I rip part of the other jar's paper and I see skin and some hair…long hair. By now I am peeing my pants and hoping I can call the police before they get home.

The front door clicks from the sound of a key turning and I know I am screwed. In a panic I wanted to bolt out the back door and I knew it was locked, and it was dark back there so it wouldn't be like I could get out in a hurry. I stop my urine stream before it gets to be a waterfall in my pants, and head back to the living room.

Mrs. Nelson smiled at me pleasantly and asked if everything went okay. I smile and say yeah, and look at the TV. Phew, that awful news about the murder isn't on anymore.

She tells me I am welcome to finish my show here if I like and I say no, I really need to be going now. The understatement of the year!

I was heading towards the door, not even caring if they even paid me, and Mr. Nelson says, "Please stay a moment. I'd like to talk to you about those jars of ours. I really hope you haven't touched them." His eyes are a little bit beady and weird as he's saying this.

Holy crap! I bolt out the door which he still left open and ran like hell and never looked back. I called the police when I got home, but the Nelson's conveniently were gone by the time the police arrived at their home, with no jars in the fridge of course. I'm thinking the police think I am nuts.

Being Watched

Have you ever had the feeling you were being watched? That's how it felt to Diane, the first time she entered the Sunnyside River Trailer Park. She, her parents and her ten year old brother Matt were on a trip and were staying there for a night. Their parents had to take a rental car to go to a nearby town, because one of their best friends who lived there suffered a heart attack. Since Diane was sixteen they left her in charge to take care of Matt.

The trailer was parked in the back of the park, next to the muddy, swampy river. They weren't too thrilled with the place, for sure. Diane gave her brother some Kraft Dinner and sent him to bed. She stayed up, on the bench next to the window, reading. She looked out the window to the river, but soon got bored. She fell asleep.

She woke up a half hour later because Matt said he had to go to the bathroom. The bathroom in the trailer was broken, so he had to go to the public one. It was literally only fifty meters away, but Matt was too scared to go alone. It was 1 AM. It was "Number Two" so he couldn't just go in the bushes. Besides, that was prohibited. So, sighing, Diane put her boots on and walked her brother to the bathroom. It was a one room bathroom, and it was for Boys, so she waited outside by the door. She had to go, too, so quickly she slipped into the Girls room and went. She came back out to wait afterwords. She could see their trailer in the distance, because of the light inside. Grumpily she called for her brother to hurry up.

Suddenly, she saw a silhouette inside the trailer. It had Matt's signature slouch, but the curtains prevented her from getting a clear picture. Matt must've finished while she was in the bathroom. She walked to the trailer and opened the door. She heard the lounging room door slam close. "Matt," she called irritably, "Bedtime. No TV." Suddenly, she caught a glimpse of someone outside. She went to the door and opened it. There was Matt, walking towards the trailer.

“Why’d you leave?” He whined, but Diane froze. If Matt was here... Who was in there? She grabbed a knife out of the kitchen drawer and motioned for Matt to hide. She took a breath, then threw open the door. It was a small room with a TV and couch. No closets, no hiding spots. And yet, the room was empty. She checked everywhere, but nobody. When she came out she saw Matt peeking out from under

the table. “No worries,” she said. “I was kidding around.”

So, Matt went off to bed, and Diane settled down, believing she had imagined the whole thing. She was drifting off again when a loud bang at the window woke her. She almost screamed, but caught herself. Another bang. Louder, this time. The curtains were drawn, and Diane didn’t open them. She was terrified. The banging continued for a moment, then stopped.

Diane checked on Matt, and he was sleeping soundly. She gulped and went back to her couch. She was reading when she heard the doorknob clack around, like somebody was trying to open it, she gasped, and fainted. She woke up in the morning. She remembered last night, and ran into Matt’s room. He was fine, reading a comic. Her parents were home, too. They said their friend was going to be okay.

Relieved and believing everything was fine, she headed out to go to the bathroom. She gasped as she saw police cars tearing into the park. They told her to get inside, fast.

A few days later, they told the family what had happened. An escaped convicted killer had escaped the jail a few miles away. He came through the park, hoping to find a victim. He watched the family settle in, and, knowing two young people were now alone, he made his move. He first burst into the unlocked trailer, but nobody was there. This was when Diane and Matt were in the bathroom. Then, Diane came in, and he ducked into the TV room. He had climbed out the window quickly. Then, this man banged on the window, hoping to lure somebody out. When that didn’t work he tried to

just break in. He had almost succeeded when he saw headlights coming. He hid just in time, and ran away.

The next morning a teenage girl, like Diane, was found brutally and horribly murdered in a canoe. So, you see, when you're feeling watched, someone might come for you.

The Penny Pincher

Annie and Sophie were best friends and complete opposites. Annie liked to read and Sophie liked to steal things. It didn't matter what it was, Sophie liked the feeling of doing something she wasn't supposed to and getting away with it.

Annie didn't like it when Sophie stole because she thought she would get in trouble if Sophie was caught. And there was no imagining what her parents would do if they found out Annie had been hiding Sophie's terrible secret. Luckily nobody was ever going to find out what Sophie's favorite little hobby was.

"Dare me to steal that," Sophie whispered to Annie pointing at a Kit Kat bar on the middle shelf at the corner store. "No," Annie whispered back, annoyed with Sophie's little habit. Sophie rolled her eyes and shoved the Kit Kat bar in her purse. They were about to leave when Sophie spotted a jar on the counter filled with loonies just sitting atop the counter. The clerk wasn't looking at them; she was turned around talking on her phone.

Sophie quickly took a loony and laughed, just a loony was funny. The jar read; Give a loony save a child's life. When they both got out of the store Annie got mad at Sophie. "That jar was supposed to be donations for children in Africa," she shouted. "I didn't see you do anything to stop me," Sophie smirked. "If I said anything the clerk would probably turn around and call our parents!" Annie shouted again. "Ya, so?" Sophie answered and walked away back to her house.

Over the next couple of days Sophie hadn't shown up at school and Annie was starting to get worried that they had been caught. So on Saturday morning Annie told her mom that she was going to visit Sophie to see how she was doing. When Annie arrived at Sophie's house and knocked on the door, Sophie's mom had answered. "Oh hi Annie, Sophie is upstairs in her room," Sophie's mom smiled, "She's feeling just a bit under the weather."

Annie ran into Sophie's room and looked at the lump in her bed. She appeared to be sleeping.

Annie went over to her bed and shook her, "Sophie get up! It's me." Annie continued to shake her. She flipped her over and gasped. Sophie stared up at her with blank white eyes and her mouth wide open. At the back of her throat was the loony she had stolen just a few days earlier. Annie heard tapping on the window and looked. There was a note taped to it.

If you take a dollar from the jar then you are taking a life. And that is exactly what she did.

Church of Carnage

Every town has a legend or myth. Some are made up by kids trying to scare their younger siblings. But others are very true. Like the one you will read today...

Back during the late 20's and early 30's there was a poor, hard-working family of four. The father Thomas, the mother Mary, 13 year old son John, and 15 year old daughter Kathy. Everyday Thomas and John would work in the field, hoping to bring in something for their family to eat. On days that they could bring in something to eat, Kathy and her mother would cook and prepare supper for the family.

After the Great Depression started, they were struggling more and more each day. The crops weren't growing, therefore they were making no money. Eventually they were forced to sell their farm. Luckily enough Thomas was really good friends with their preacher, so he allowed them to stay at the church.

The family stayed in the church, only eating two or three times a week. They began to do anything to survive. John and Kathy would steal food (not telling their parents because they were very religious and believed it was wrong) Their father would spend most of his time praying for God to help them get back on their feet. Every Sunday during church Thomas would testify, thanking the Lord for giving their family a place to stay, but everyone could tell by the look in his eyes he wasn't satisfied.

Two months past with them living in the church. They were starving. Mary had become very ill, and the preacher told them they had to move out of the church by next week. A couple of days later while John and Kathy were out stealing food, they came across a rundown slaughter house. On the ground outside, there was an old rusty hatchet laying on the ground. Kathy picked it up and turned to her brother and said, "God has a plan for us."

Early Sunday morning the preacher woke them at 5 am. "Get out!" He ordered. He was wacked in the back of the head with a 2x4, knocking him out cold. He awoke to Kathy hacking his arm with the hatchet, but he couldn't do anything because he was tied down and couldn't move. She passed the hatchet around to the rest of her family. They took turns until he had been butchered to death. The family locked the doors to the church and began to feast on the flesh of the preacher.

The next day the church was found abandoned. There was blood stained into the carpet and all over the walls. Remains of the preacher were found in the place where people were baptized. A note was found at the alter that read, "God has answered our prayers" There has been no trace of the family till this very day.

Crazy? or Real?

My mother and father always have late workshops they have to go to. I'm 17 years old and I'm ,of course, used to being home alone. I come home everyday after practice and do homework. Well one night while I was doing homework in my kitchen, I heard my bathroom doorknob twist/turn. I looked and thought of nothing.So I went back to doing my homework. Then I heard something jump on my bed (just once). So I got up and went to see of someting fell. I went into my room and there was nothing. So I turn around to turn off the light, but when I looked in my mirror I saw someone sitting on my bed, smiling as if he was crazy. I turned and looked at my bed...there was no one. So I turned again to turn off my light and there he was again in the reflection, but standing. I could hear nothing but my heart pounding. I was afraid to move and breath because he wasn't too far from me. I turned off the light and walked out. But when I was walking back to the kitchen, I heard a awful cry/yell. I was so terrified I ran to my next door neighbor's house. I stay there or he stays with me when I'm alone.

Angels Inc.

One day I got bored so I decided to go to my friend's house who lives on the other side of the highway. There is a blind corner where you can't see if anything is coming. I was watching the cars go bye, waiting for them to stop coming so I could cross. I saw that nothing was coming so I started across. All of a sudden a Mack truck comes speeding towards me. And I knew I didn't have enough time to get out of the way. At the exact second I saw it right in front of me, out of the corner of my eye I saw someting swoop down from the sky and grab me by the waist and throw me across the highway.

I looked back and all I saw was the truck going by like nothing happened. I got a good look at the license plate. It said "FROM HELL". At that point I was on my knees praying. I asked God if he could help catch the person who almost killed me and I kept thanking him for my life being spared. I just went to my friend's house and asked his mom to take me home. The rest of the day all I could do was think about what happened until I fell asleep. The next day I woke up and opened my door to get the newspaper and there was a man standing there in a white suit. He said "It's okay. Justice was served. Bye the way, the boss doesn't usually do it like this. But he makes exceptions for the demons." Then he picked up my newspaper and put what looked like a business card in it. Then he looked up to the sky, waved at me and disappeared. I thought I was dreaming. Totally forgetting about the card, I took the newspaper in the house and sat down. After thinking for a while, I opened up the newspaper and the card fell out. Before I got to pick it up, I saw the same truck on the front page of the newspaper all smashed up with the same license plate. "FROM HELL".The headlne read "Man Dies In Freak Accident". What happened was he ran into a telephone pole and it tipped over on his truck and one of those grip bars they use to climb up the telephone poles impaled his skull making him bleed to death. It turns out he was an escaped mental patient who killed 13 people. Then I picked up the card and it said at the top "Angels Inc." and at the bottem it said "You're welcome." I've never been the same since.

Don't Look Under Your Bed

My best friend and I were alone at my house one night. My mother took my little sister and brother to Texas for the summer and my older brothers were in Canada with their friends. Robin suggested we watch a movie; I looked through my collection and found Halloween. “That’s a great idea.” She said. “Dunno if this is a good movie with this atmosphere.” I replied. “What do you mean?” she asked. “How about we watch When A Stranger Calls?” I asked. “YEAH!” she shouted. I put the DVD in and we watched the movie.

Around midnight the movie still played. “Angel, I need to go to the bathroom.” she said. “Okay, I’m gonna go get more sodas and something to eat.” I replied. She smiled and walked away. I paused the movie and headed downstairs with Robin. I made a pizza and popcorn. I sat at my table waiting for the pizza to get done. Robin walked in “Took ya long enough.” I teased. “Stomach ache.” She replied. “Oh, well, come and wait with me.” I said. She sat down next to me. We talked about how cool it was that we were home alone. When the pizza was done we took it out of the oven, cut some slices and took them upstairs.

At 3:00AM, we turned off the movie and the lights. I heard a noise under my bed “What was that?” I asked. “It’s probably your cat.” She said. “Probably.” I replied. Just then my cat Baby jumped onto my bed and we still heard the noise. Robin and I got off my bed and headed into the living room. We heard a noise in my mom’s room, so we opened her door and there was nothing there. I closed the door, “Angel this is starting to scare me.” Robin said. I looked at her “I know, I’m scared too.” I replied. We walked downstairs. We got some blankets out from the storage closet and made a pallet on the living room floor. Robin and my pillows were right next to each other “Maybe it was our imagination.” I said. “Yeah, but just in case let’s stay down here.” Robin replied. Then we heard a crash from my room.

To make things worse there came a loud knock on the front door. I summoned the courage to go and answer it. There stood my little sister

Sandra “What the hell are you doing here!?” I snapped. “I felt like something was wrong so mom sent me home.” she replied. I let out a deep sigh. “Get your scrawny butt in here.” I said pulling her by the arm. “Ow! That hurt! Potty mouth!” she snapped. I gave her a death glare “You two shouldn’t be fighting. Whatever is up there could hurt us.” Robin said. “I know. But Sandra should’ve stayed with mom.” I replied. “Hey! If I wanted I to come here, I could!” Sandra said. I smiled at her “Well, since you’re here, I’m gonna hafta let you in on what’s happening.” I replied. “So, what’s going on?” she asked with a confused look. “Robin and I were in my room getting in bed when we heard something under the bed, Robin said it was Baby but she was on the bed with me and we still heard the noise. So we started coming down here when we heard a noise in mom’s room but there was nothing and right before you knocked there was a crash comin from my room.” I replied. She looked frightened .“What do you think is up there?” she asked. “Not so sure.” Robin and I replied. “Uh… but what happens if it comes down here?” Sandra asked. “Then Robin and I will kick its butt.” I replied. “We oughta go see what’s up there.” Robin said. “Yeah, but what if it’s some kinda Looney?” I asked. “Well, then we run and scream for out dear lives.” Robin replied. I gave her death glare “You’re kinda being a little weird… but, what if it grabs us? What are you gonna do then?” Sandra asked. “I’ll let it take Robin.” I joked. “Hey!” Robin snapped. Sandra laughed at the moment.

We walked upstairs; I saw a folded piece of paper taped to the wall. I grabbed it and unfolded it. The writing was in blood. It read: Don’t Look Under Your Bed… blood drips out of her bleeding heart. His smile is tainted. Her cries can be heard for thousands of years. Let’s play Hide-And-Go-Seek and see if you find me before the time runs out. I’ll try and find you three too...

We screamed out in horror as I finished reading this letter. “What the hell does it mean!?” Robin asked. “How the hell am I supposed to know?” I snapped. “Hey guys stop fighting we gotta find him, before our time runs out.” Sandra said. I looked at her “What is that supposed to mean?” Robin and I asked. “It means that if he finds us first our screams and death will be the same as hers.” Sandra replied.

We sat on my couch thinking. “I’m gonna go look under the bed.” I said standing up. “NO! He said: Don’t look under your bed!” Robin replied. “Angel, guys, stop fighting, we’ll all go.” Sandra said. “We ain’t fighting.” I replied.We walked in my room and looked under my bed. We jumped back screaming in horror. There lay my kitten Amaya slaughtered viciously. Her head was cut off and her legs were broken. Her heart lay next to her head. I started crying because besides Baby that was my only kitten. Robin and Sandra looked at it in horror. “So that’s what it means.” Sandra said. We stood up and walked out of my room. “I feel like I’m gonna puke.” I said. “Okay, go to the bathroom. Sandra and I will wait outside the door.” Robin replied. “But if he gets inside there?” Sandra asked whiningly. “I’m not a pushover.” I replied. I walked in the bathroom and locked the door. I fell right in front of the toilet and started vomiting. I heard a noise from outside the bathroom window. I looked at the window and something was swinging back and forth. I covered my mouth with my hand to keep the vomit in. I opened the window and there was our dog Rocky hanging. A rope was tied around his neck and his legs were cut off. His heart hung from his chest. I screamed and ran to the door. I unlocked it and ran out.

Robin and Sandra stood there gaping at something. I waved my hand up and down in front of their face. They looked at me “Rocky is dead too!” I yelled. Robin grabbed my chin and turned my head to the top of the stairway. There stood a man. His face scarred, he wore bloodied clothes, and his hair was black and messy. He smiled at us, revealing his teeth; they were rotten to the core. “I found you. Looks like I win.” He said. We screamed and ran to my room. We slammed the door and locked it. “He’s gonna kill us!” we all whispered. I looked around my room; there was nothing that could help us.

After sitting in the bedroom for ten minutes we could hear him come walking to the door. The footsteps stopped. We could tell that he was right outside the door. Slowly the door came unlocked and the door opened. There he stood. We screamed and ran around the room. I stopped by the window. I opened it all the way. “Guys! We’re gonna jump!” I said. They

nodded and ran over there. Robin jumped out first and landed on her side screaming. Then Sandra jumped out and Robin caught her. As I was about to jump out I could feel his cold bloodied hand grab my wrist. I struggled to have him let go. He pulled out a knife and slit both of my wrists. He let go and I fell out the window. I landed on my back. Everything was going black but I wasn't about ready to give up. I stood up wobbling. "Let's get outta here." Robin said. Sandra helped me walk. We stopped at the only familiar house, Kahja, my boyfriend house. Robin pounded on the door. A young woman opened the door. "Yes?" she asked. "We need to use a phone to call for the police and an ambulance." Robin said. Kahja, Zaruk, Robin's boyfriend, and Tom, Sandra's boyfriend came walking out. Kahja saw me bleeding and weakening. He ran down to me and held me in his arms.

When the police and ambulance arrived the guy was gone but my wounds and dead animals were still there. So no one knows what had happened that night and if it even happened. But it did. I won't forget that night and I'm sure Robin and Sandra won't either.

"Wanna Play?"

I was never the type of person who believed in ghosts, or anything paranormal for that matter. An incident such as this would have been easy for me to dismiss, had it not come at such a significant time. About five months ago, my uncle Robert was stabbed to death by his supposedly loving wife. It was a shock to my whole family when she pleaded guilty, and was sent to a maximum security prison. Their 8 year old daughter, Abigail, was sent to live with us. My cousin was always such a quiet girl, so the first night she moved in was kind of awkward. In fact, I don't remember her sleeping at all that night. The next night, she suggested that I watch a video with her, an old movie that was always a favorite of hers. I know because I was there when her father gave it to her when she was younger. I set it up and sat down next to her. It was pretty normal until we were 20 minutes into the film. For some reason, the movie began to fast forward, and there was an odd, muted sound in the background. Instinctively, I rewinded the tape so we could actually be able to watch the entire movie, but the same thing happened again. Abigail covered her blanket over her head and started crying hysterically. She started muttering about how this kept happenning before. I didn't understand at the time, so I played the scene again with the volume on higher. A scratchy, male voice came on and said: "Hey girls. Wanna Play?" I started to shake uncontrollably because I knew whose voice it was, and I knew why Abigail was crying. Uncle Robert was not as good of a person many people thought he was. Abigail knew it. He had sexually molested her as she was growing up, I finally realized. His wife knew this. It was the reason she had killed him the night she found out. I knew this because he had done the same when he used to babysit me before he met his wife. When my parents finally heard Abigail's commotion, they burst into the room finding me crying silently on the couch and Abigail cowering in the corner, blanket over her head, scratching the paint off the wall. I tried to show them what we heard. I tried to tell them what happened so many years ago. But the scene would not play the same way it had before. And I cried. I cried because whenever uncle Robert asked if I "Wanna Play" he always did something horrible to me. I played the scene again when it was just Abigail and I. This time, he said something that frightens me even more:"One of these days, I'll make you play."

Nevaeh

I live in Massachusetts. About 10 minutes from where I live is an old, abandoned, beautiful house. It's an amazing 2-story Victorian house and no one ever paid attention to it, except me. I love that kind of place and stuff, old potentially haunted things/places.

A few weeks ago, I asked my friend Julie to come check it out with me. She agreed, because she likes paranormal haunts also. When we got there, the sun was just going down. I walked up to the door and noticed a hand painted sign next to the door that had to be a good 90-100 years old that read, 'Nevaeh's Castle.'

I went to open the door, and I could tell that this house has been deserted for a while. It took me a minute or two with the help of Jules to open the jammed rusted door. We walked in, and noticed the house was a magnificent piece of history. Everything was perfect, and in place, with what seemed like a million years of dust piled on it. The things hadn't been touched since the house was lived in, and it had been vacant for longer than anyone else could recall. Even our old neighbors that had lived in this town for over 50 years, said it was always vacant.

There were pictures on the fire place which I dusted off... one photo of a woman and a baby, and then one of the same woman and man weeping next to a tree at a funeral service. I put the pictures back down, and headed upstairs, the place I was itching to explore.

Jules wandered along right by my side. I think she was a little more nervous than I was. Upstairs was a hallway full of bedrooms, and I opened the door to one of the rooms. In the room was a beautiful matching colonial bed and desk. Julie went and was looking out the window at the sky, which was lit by the full moon. I grabbed my flashlight and started going through the contents inside the desk. I found a letter, addressed to Nevaeh Rose

Wilthmore, which I brought home with me and is sitting next to me right now.

It reads,

"Dear Nevaeh,

I'm so sorry for the loss of your newly born daughter. I would have wrote to your husband as well, but I know that you are taking this a lot harder than he is. Dear, don't blame this on God, this is his way of helping you. If Norah Leigh had of lived, who knows how many daily struggles she would have had to undergo. It's for the best, I know you won't understand until your heart is healed. But as much of the Devil you have in your heart at this point in time, don't act upon it. You need to pray yourself out of this tough time, and if you need me, know I'll always be here for you. Just a letter away...

Your loving sister,

Lily Ruth"

The note explained a lot. The woman in the photo was Nevaeh, and the baby was her daughter who died, and the woman and her husband were weeping at their daughter's funeral.

I also found a journal, with little daily passages in it, telling of how crazy she (Nevaeh) had become. She wrote how she wished she could get her life over with, but each time she tried to kill herself, she just couldn't bring herself to do it. One passage mentioned that she couldn't believe what she had done. She said she did it out of anger, because he (her husband) acted as if they should keep going on with their lives, and forget about the death of Norah.

She said she had stabbed him to death, and threw him into the basement before she actually realized what she had done. I was speechless, because I didn't think something this horrid had happened here. I was just thinking to scare myself & Julie about ghosts when we decided to come here, not about

a real murder that went on in this very home I was standing at, at that moment.

After Jules read it, she, of course, freaked. But I, on the other hand, thought that this night had just begun. We walked out of the room, and into another that was almost empty, except for an old box lying in the middle of the floor, which only held old photographs.

We went back downstairs, and I just had to find the basement. If I could go back, I wouldn't have even touched the place to begin with. Too many nightmares since. So, I finally found a little hatchet door and I went in.

There were few steps leading down to the basement, and it was not a concrete modern garage-basement, let's just say. The floors were made of dirt, and it stunk. As I walked to the far side, I came upon something that literally (truthfully) changed my life.

There was multiple skeletons lying around. My first thought was... 'pshh it's a joke'. But, no it wasn't. Jules of course didn't even come down with me, and I was glad she didn't, because if she did, she would have died... right then and there.

As I shone the light on the ground, I realized they were certainly REAL skeletons, and each one (there were about five I believe) had a letter attached, or near them. I snatched the ones that actually weren't on the skelton's body, and one read,

'I didn't mean to do it... it was out of anger, love and hate all at the same time. I just didn't understand how you believed that we should have moved on with our lives. I'll still always love you... Yours truely, N.R.W.' And the other one read... 'You didn't help me like you were supposed too, maybe it would have turned out different. Yours truely, N.R.W.' I left then, and told Julie about the skeltons as we were

riding home.

She turned pale and we both started crying. It was never our business, and Nevaeh's life will be upon us always. As much as I wish I could say that I didn't know anything about the empty, old house, I can't. I know everything and it will probably haunt me the rest of my life.

You've Got Mail

Ehhh, arrgh,irgh,beep,ergh. The computer roared as Sally connected to AOL to IM (instant message) her friends as they had planned that day at school. "Weclome" Her computer greeted her. She was home alone because her parents were out at dinner. Almost right away, she found a chat room full of her friends. They greeted each other and began to chat. They talked for hours and Sally's eyes were getting tired. Then, someone else joined. They claimed to be a friend of one of the girls who was not in the chatroom. They all assumed that it was true and continued. The new person constantly made rude or just plain mean and hurtful remarks about the other people in the chatroom, but never about Sally. Some of the remarks made her feel better and put her above the other people. The person constantly singled out Sally and commented about her and flattered her. She began to like this person, but everyone else hated the new person. Sally wanted to know where this person lived so they could get together sometime. When she asked, the response was that he or she didn't want all these other people to know, only Sally, so he would send an email to her inbox telling her. He asked her for her email address and so she gave it. A few seconnds later, her computer told her "You've got mail", so she minimized the IM box and opened her email. There was an email titled "where i live" so she opened it, and read it, at first not understanding it's meaning, and then in horror, as she understand what the email meant all that was typed was "Behind the Couch".

Her parents came home to find their daughter dead, stabbed to death sitting in her own blood. They read what was on the computer, and when they searched behind the couch, they found a sheath for a knife, and a laptop, displaying the exact same email and chatroom that was on the computer.

Don't Move or Else!!

There was this one night..I was home alone. I was sitting on the edge of my bed watching cartoons and all of a sudden something grabbed my foot!! I was soo startled! i jumped up on my bed..and I didn't move. My bed started to move alittle..then I heard a whisper that said:don't move or else... I was even more scared when I heard that!! I wanted to run out of the house but I couldn't..I wanted to phone my parents but I couldn't because the phone was on the charger and it was beside the t.v. and I couldn't reach it..then I thought to myself..I looked at the clock, it was 11:00 pm and my parents where to be home any minute...

I heard the door open and they called my name I guess to see if I was awake..I didn't say anything so that they would come upstairs to get me..but then I didn't hear them coming up the stairs..I started to cry!! Then again I heard the voice say: Dont move or else... I started to cry even more..I knew something bad had happened because my mom had not come upstairs to check on me..

It was about 12:45 pm and I started to feel feint..so I layed on my bed and then fell asleep..I woke up in the morning and had forgot all about everything. I went downstairs to see if my parents were awake..then I saw blood on the bottom of the stairs..then I remembered about last night..I was really scared then because the voice had said not to move..I didnt know if it had killed my parents or not, but I ran out of the house and got help..

That was the scaryiest thing that has every happened to me ever!! My dad and I moved out after we found out that my mom was killed and what happended to me... We never went back to that house again!! The murder of my mom remains an unresolved police case.

I'scream

There were two friends named Jen and Kim, who lived in a wealthy, quiet neighborhood. They were your average teens, school, friends, and cells phones and the mall were their lives. The girls always went to the park after school, there they would get ice cream from the Ice cream man. He was an old man with a crooked smile, raspy voice, and eyes that seemed to have no life to them. Jen being the optimistic positive person she was, never thought anything of his appearance and enjoyed going their everyday to get ice cream from him, but Kim was the exact opposite, she was always suspicious of him and was creeped out by him she never told Jen of this though.One day after skool the girls walked throught the park to get the ice cream, "I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream" the man sang to himself in his quiet raspy voice and laughed,while handing them their ice cream. Jen smiled, Kim just walked away. Jen and Kim walked and started on the street to Jen's house. "Kim you don't have to be so rude to him" stated Jen, "Well he creeps me out!" fired back Kim "What has he done to you? huh?" Jen asked in a rude voice "nothing, its just, ummm well lets forget about it, we are gonna have a fun sleepover tonight, thats what we should be talking about, not fighting over the ice cream man" Kim said with a smile "Ok" Jen said.

The Girls arrived to Jen's house, and found a note on the fridge:

Dear Jen,

Have a fun sleep over, we went to grandmas house to stay the night and wont be back until about 12 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Have fun with with Kim, their is money on the coffee table for some pizza, don't leave the house, see you soon

Love, Mom and Dad

They played games and prank called people all night. When it got late the girls decided to watch a movie, they were soon asleep. The phone abruptly ran Jen was out cold with a blanket over her face "What a weirdo" Kim thought ,she answered the phone "Hello?" Kim said nothing....."Hello?" she repeated....."I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream." Kim dropped the phone and started shaking Jen, only to see she was dead "Kim" a voice said "Kim why are you scared of me?" She turned around and saw the Ice cream man, she screamed but couldn't escape."AHHHHHHHH", Jen awoke to Kim's blood curdeling sceam "Kim, Kim!!! are you ok? whats wrong?" She asked "Nothing" Kim responded breathing a sigh of relief "It was just a dream.", Jen fell back asleep, but Kim sat up the whole night thinking of her dream. The next day the girls got up early to give eachother make-overs. The phone rang, Jen answered "Hello?", the line was silent "Hello?", "Hi!" responded the voice, "Hi mom" replied Jen "Jen, we are gonna be running a little late, their is alot of traffic, Kim can stay later if she wants" , "Ok mom, thanks, love you bye!", "bye" Jens mom replied. "Hey Kim do you want to stey later? my mom said it's ok!" "Great!" Kim replied. They sat on the couch after their makeovers and watched some TV. The phone rang again, this time Kim answered "Hello?" Kim said, nothing....."Hello?" she repeated....."I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream" "Oh my god" she screamed "It's like my dream!" Kim dropped the phone, got on the floor covered her face and started crying. Jen picked up the phone,"Hello?"....."I see you" said the voice "Who is this?" yelled Jen, all of a sudden she heard a laugh, which was all too familiar, it was the ice cream man. WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS!" Kim cried. Because I miss you two. "Jen I like your shirt" he said "Fall out boy is my favorite", tell Kim to stop crying, i will be with her soon." HOW DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS?" Jen said looking down at her shirt, then at Kim, but they liine went dead. Jen Immedeatly called 911. " 911 may we help you?" "Yes" Kim said, " I think there is someone stalking me and my friend." "Think?" said the operator,"What do you mean think?" "well" Kim said " he knows what I'm wearing and that my friend is crying" "Is she OK?"asked the operator "Yes, just scared, anyways can you send an officer. It will make me feel better." "I can trace the call, and send an officer in about 30 minutes, try to keep the person on the phone long enough for me to trace it, about 45 seconds, can youdo that?" "yes thank you,bye." then she hung up. Kim asked "Are they coming?" " In about 30 minutes."

Then the phone rang Jen answered hoping it was the police "Hello?"....."Hello,why did you call the police I wasn't going to hurt you but now I feel like I will" he said laughing, "and don't worry they won't be able to trace the call he said and hung up. "Come on Kim, lets go upstairs!" they ran upstairs phone in hand and locked themselves in Jen's room bathroom. Once more the phone rang and Jen answered "Stop calling!" she yelled " Wow, ummmmm do you know who this is?" "Mom?" "Yes" said the caller "Everything OK?" "YES!" (she didn't want her mom to worry)"Just getting prank calls." "OKAY?" said her mom " We'll be home at 5:00" "Ok" said Jen and hung up. Suddenly the phone rang again "Mom?" "NO" said the voice " you think hiding in the room can stop me?" She hung up as she knew who it was. She ran to the window locked it and shut the blinds. Then they heard a noise in the bathroom , Jen and Kim ran over calling Jen's dog "Sparkey is that you?" Next they heard the most terrifying thing "I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream"..... then he came out of the shower humming it to himself. He grabbed them both and well, we know what happened next.

The police never came. At 5:00 Jen's parents arrived. Jens mom saw the light on in Jen's room upstairs and went upstairs into her room. Jen's Mom screamed in horror then called her husband over. On the bed layed their daughter and her friend, dead with their favorite ice cream in hand and the Ice cream man singing "I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream".

Don't Open Your Eyes

My siste Sarah, and I were at the park and it was a lovely day. Our town was a great place to grow up. Crime hardly ever happened there. Everyone knew everyone else and were friends. The park was crowded with families and I recognized everyone, well almost everyone.

There was a strange woman sitting on the bench on the other side of the park but she seemed harmless. Just sitting there reading a book, minding her own business, so I didn't think twice about it. My sister and I loved to play a game called "don't open". What you do is one person closes their eyes and the other tries to trick you in to opening them. You usually try to scare them.

We sat under a tree. It was my turn to get my sister to open her eyes. I tried tickling her but it only made her laugh so I pretended to leave. I made the fake walking away sound with my feet and slowly lowering my voice to make it sound like I was farther away. She fell for it. Sarah opened her eyes and when she saw me she was relieved.

It was now her turn now. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Sarah laughed and I couldn't help but laugh too. Suddenly her laughter stopped and so did the sounds all around me, as if everyone in the park had left. "Sarah, are you there?" I wanted to open my eyes so bad but something in my head said don't.

"Becca help, please help me." Now I really wanted to open my eyes but Sarah usually used this scare strategy to win. So I just sat there as she yelled. My stomach started to turn and I didn't think I could take any more. The screaming stopped and a whisper said "don't open your eyes". I opened my eyes despite what I heard only to see every one gone but my sister hanging from a tree, dead.

I called 911 and sat there stunned. I looked across to the bench were the lady was sitting and saw her book. I walked over to it. There was a note in the book. I pulled it out. It said written in dark red ink “Don’t you wish you opened your eyes.”

The Thing

Ok, eveyone always say how true their stories are, but believe me when I say, that THIS one is forreal. I lived in a small suburb of Chicago with my parents. We bought the house in '73. As a kid growing up, I didn't realize anything strange until I turned 15. On the night of my birthday (New Year's Day), my parents took me out to dinner and a movie, I was so happy and tired when we got home. But the unexpected happened, all of the lights were on when we arrived. The crazy thing is, is that, I distinctively remember that no lights were on when we left. (It was daytime) So my mom said maybe it was a circut breaker or something, turned off the lights and went to bed. She did have a freaked out expression on her face. Later that night I wanted something to drink, so I got up. For some reason I felt really cold and scared. But I went anyway. As I approached the kitchen, I heard a noise, I was so scared to turn around but I had to, I turned around and saw a shadowy figure. It starred at me for a while then disappeared. I freaked out and ran into my parents bedroom. They were still asleep. Then as the next morning approached, I woke up again. Too scared to go to the bathroom, I just laid there, but I felt like something was starring at me again, I looked down at the foot of the bed, and there it was again. I closed my eyes (like that was going to help) and opened them again, it was still there. I asked "What do you want, go AWAY" and it disappeared.As years went by, that thing never came back, but I found out after sometime, that a teenage girl who's birthday was the same as mine, died, in that house, in 1945. She was friendly, and just wanted to see what her life would've been like if she were still alive.

Rustina

When I was 3, my parents divorced. My mother lived closer to the school district, so I lived with her most of the time. My father, who moved out into the country (as in far from the town, near the woods), had me and my two younger brothers every other weekend.

I had this dream since I was 3, until my 7th birthday. On the nights it stormed at my dad's house, I always had the same dream. I would be at a carnival, eating sweets, lollipops, cotton candy, chocolates, you get the idea, with a girl named Rustina.

Rustina was pale, she had the darkest green eyes, and had black curls that were always in 2 pigtails. She was always wearing a blue and white checkered dress and a shiny silver button barrette. She was around 12. She treated me like a little sister. If I ate too many sweets, she would scold me, and say that my father wouldn't be happy. I had a little rag doll, Mary Ann, with blonde curls and a purple dress. Rustina always carried it around for me.

In the dream, we would always ride the Ferris Wheel together. I would start crying as I was always afraid of heights. But Rustina would hug me and tell me to shut my eyes.We would get off and I'd be shaken up, and she'd grab my hand and give me a piggy-back ride to a bench, secluded from everyone else. Right after I'd sit down, all the noises of the rides, the laughing, screaming, yelling, talking, it all disappeared.

Rustina smiled at me and picked a white lily and would brush my hair back and put it behind my ear.Then she would smile at me and hand me Mary Ann, then I would wake up, sweating, clutching Mary Ann.

On my 7th birthday, it was storming, but I had the dream. Only at the end Rustina started crying and said I was too old. I didn't understand her, so I

started crying too.

Rustina said she was going to keep Mary Ann, to remember me by, and took off her barrette and put it in my hair. Then she smiled at me and waved goodbye.I woke up, it was morning, unlike the other times when I would wake up in the night. Mary Ann was gone. I never found her since, and I had Rustina’s barrette in my hair.

I never told anyone, and kept the barrette in my box of trinkets.On my 8th birthday, somebody, we never found out who, left a bouquet of white lilies on our doorstep.

I had completely forgotten about Rustina over time. But I was babysitting my little sister recently, as my father had remarried and all. Now my baby sister started singing, "Rustina Rustina Rustina! "Needless to say, I am currently scared out of my wits.

Ever Been to Poughkeepsie?

A really close friend of mine named Jack, was looking to buy a house. He didn't want to stay in Chicago anymore and wanted to move to NY area. So he was looking, consulting with agents, and kept coming up with nothing. I told him that either it would be way to expensive for what he wanted, or if he got a good price, it had to be a catch, just to stay here in Chicago. Jack is very stubborn and held his ground and said no.Well, about 2 days after that conversation he called me to tell me about this great deal he found, an old mansion in Poughkeepsie, and that it was a steal. I was curious about it and wanted to see pictures. He said that the pictures he took of the house were all underdeveloped and he needed to take more. I asked him more details about the house, and he told me. I did a little reasearch of my own, and I told him that I think it was the house I heard about which is truely haunted and he should stay away from it. But he decided to go have a look anyway. He asked me why I thought it was haunted, and I told him all that I found on the web, but Jack just laughed. "I don't believe in ghosts,". He made an appointment to visit the house and meet the agent. He wanted me to come with. And silly me, out of curiosity I went.We made it to Poughkeepsie, and met with the agent. I stayed outside in the car. But couldn't help the feeling that we were being watched.Well, the agent gave Jack a key, but refused to look at the old house with him, which should have told the dummy something. But he's a stubborn man who won't listen to anything. And it was getting dark, he didn't want to wait until morning like I suggested, so being impatient, he went in anyway. I guess this was to prove his point about ghosts.

Jack got to the house around 7:30 p.m. and he entered the front hallway. I didn't see anything myself, but just watched him as he disappeared into the house. And this is what he described to me once we made it home: "It was a large entrance and well-proportioned, but neglected-looking, with creepy cobwebs and dust everywhere. As I paused near the door to get my bearings, I heard a thump from the top of the staircase facing me. A leg appeared out of nowhere and rolled down the steps, landing right next to my feet. Thinking it was a joke set up by you or some kids, I gasped aloud and stood frozen to the spot to play along. But then, an arm appeared and

rolled down to meet the leg. Next came a foot, then another arm, then a hand. Glowing pieces of body kept popping into existence and plummeting down the steps towards me."

Jack, held his ground a lot longer than what I would have, but when a screaming head appeared at the top of the steps and started rolling towards him, he said he had had enough. With a shriek that could wake the dead - those that weren't already up and haunting the house that is - Jack tore ass running out of the house. Scared me, I thought I was going to pee on myself, he was truely scared at whatever he saw. I had to jump over to the driver's side and catch him. He was as white as a sheet.I honestly, didn't believe him when he told me what he saw. But when he describes it to people, he's so passionate that its absolutely convincing. How else can I describe the way he looked and the way he ran, and acted coming out of that house. Something had to have happened to him in there.Needless to say, that he was in a hurry to get back to Chicago. He brought a nice home out here, and said he will never mention, visit, or think about Poughkeepsie ever again.

Last I heard was that the agent gave up trying to sell the house after that, and the house fell into ruin and was mysteriously burnt to the ground. If there was nothing in that house, how do you explain that?

True Horror Stories:
(Horror Stories to Tell in the Dark)